He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtered there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Coſin, I thinke thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke under my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to doe,
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſwaſion. *Enter a meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us,
Now for our conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent forbearing them is juſt *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace,
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, only this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let us all imbrace.

For

For heaven to earth, ſome of us never
A ſecond time doe ſuch a courteſy.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets ſound
his power, alarum to the battell: the
Walter Blunt.
Blu. What is thy name that in Battel
What honour doſt thou ſeeke upon m
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowg*
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thu
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to
Thy likeneſſe: for inſtead of thee, King
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall
Unleſſe thou yeeld thee as a priſoner
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou
And thou ſhalt find a King that will r
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight; Dowglas kils Blunt;
Hot. O *Dowglas!* hadſt thou fough
I never had triumpht over a *Scot.*
Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breat
Hot. Where?
Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, t
A gallant Knight he was, his name w
Semblably furniſht like the King hi
Dow. Ah fooole, goe with thy ſou
A borrowed title haſt thou bought t
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou we
Hot. The King hath many marchi
Dew. Now by my Sword, I will ki
I'le murder all his Wardrop, piece b
Untill I meet the King. *H*
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for t
Alarum, Enter Falſtaffe
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free
ſhot heere: heer's no ſcoring but upo
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour

K

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37